

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Jane Visits Her Aunt Sarah

By Leah E. Hamilton

JANE SIMPSON waved a final "good-bye" to her father who was standing on the platform in the large, beautiful station in Washington,



THE MARY WASHINGTON HOUSE
Fredericksburg, Va.

D. C., as the train for Fredericksburg rolled away from the platform. It was only the morning before that these two had waved good-bye to Mrs. Simpson and little Buddy who were standing on the platform in the little New York town in which the Simpsons lived; and yet it seemed to Jane that she had been away from home for a very long time.

Jane's Aunt Sarah had, for months, been wanting Jane to come to Fredericksburg for a visit. And now that Mr. Simpson had business in Washington, it was decided that Jane should go to Aunt Sarah's.

The girl had been delighted, for she had never been to either Washington or Fredericksburg; and Aunt Sarah was her favorite aunt. But as the train moved — first slowly, then more rapidly — away from the capital of our country, Jane began to feel lonely, for she had never before ridden on the train alone.

When the conductor came through the train and cried, "Fredericksburg next stop!" Jane eagerly gathered her belongings together and slipped into her new tweed coat, glad that the lonely ride was soon to end.

Jane fell in love with Fredericksburg the minute she saw it. "It's so quaint and old-fashioned!" she told her aunt.

"Yes — and about every other building in the town has a history, too," her aunt told the delighted child.

Aunt Sarah's home was such a dear little place — all white with green shutters; and surrounded by large, beautiful shade trees. And behind the house was a quaint little old-fashioned garden enclosed in a box-bush hedge!

"Oh, I think this is the dearest place,

Aunt Sarah!" Jane cried, after her tour of inspection. "And who lives across the street in that spick-and-span white house?"

"No one lives there now," Aunt Sarah answered. "But long, long years ago that was the home of Mary Washington, the mother of our first President. An organization called 'The Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities' owns it now, and has furnished it very nearly as it was furnished when Mrs. Washington was its mistress. We shall go over and look at it after we have had a bite of lunch."

During lunch, Jane pestered her aunt with questions.

"I didn't even know that George Washington had ever been here," the girl admitted, rather ashamed of her ignorance.

"Why, my dear child!" Aunt Sarah

exclaimed in astonishment; "he was born on the old Washington Farm just across the river and he went to school here in Fredericksburg. You remember the cherry-tree story?"

Jane nodded her head, glad to know about something of which her aunt spoke.

"Well, that's supposed to have happened over on the old Washington Farm," Aunt Sarah told her niece. "We'll drive over there this afternoon."

There was so much to see in Fredericksburg that Jane was busy all the time. Her aunt took her to the Washington Farm just across the river, and the Rappahannock along the old *King's Highway*, and pointed out the place from where Washington, as a boy, is supposed to have thrown a silver dollar across the river. Then they returned and went through the Mary Washington home.

"Now we must look at Kenmore," Aunt Sarah said as they turned the corner from Charles Street into Lewis Street.

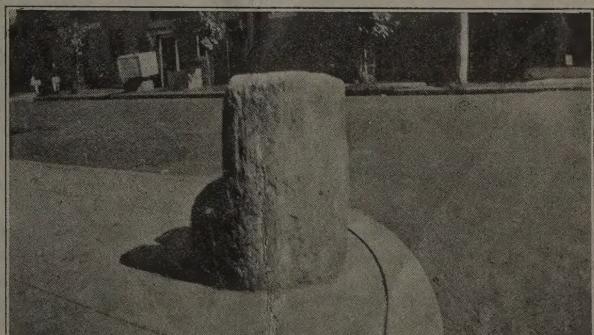
"What's Kenmore?" Jane wanted to know.

"That is the beautiful old colonial home which Colonel Fielding Lewis built for his bride, who was Betty Washington, the President's only sister."

Jane stopped at the great iron gate and looked for a moment through the grove of maple trees to the stone house set far back from the street.

"It is beautiful!" she said. "Can we go inside?"

"Yes, indeed," Aunt Sarah replied.



THE OLD SLAVE BLOCK

"The inside is even prettier than the outside," Jane decided.

"Notice the ceilings and these mantels," her aunt said, as they walked from one room to another. "George Washington designed them after the house was built, and sent two Hessians, who had been taken prisoners in the battle of Trenton, down here to carry out his plans."

"And come, dear," Aunt Sarah continued; "you must see the horse-chestnut tree that George Washington planted."

"You see, when Kenmore was built, its grounds adjoined the grounds of the Mary Washington House, and the two homes were connected by a broad path. Along this path, our first President planted thirteen horse-chestnut trees, one named for each of the original states. Just one tree is still alive."

"I wonder if it's New York?" Jane said, half to herself.

"No, I think it's Virginia," Aunt Sarah said, smiling at her young niece.

"Well, we won't quarrel about it," Jane laughed back. "I'm sure it's one or the other."

Another day, Aunt Sarah took Jane to see the little old house that is called the *Sentry Box*.

General George Weedon who was famous in the Revolutionary War lived here when he was young — and later Colonel Hugh Mercer bought it. His father was killed during the Battle of Princeton, you know."

Jane, of course, didn't know, but she was wise enough just to listen and nod her head, now and then, for she didn't want her Aunt Sarah to think that she didn't know anything.

"But why is the house called the 'Sentry Box'?" Jane asked, for she thought she might be excused for not knowing that.

"Look up this way!" Aunt Sarah commanded, nodding in a northerly direction. "See how far you can see! Because of this fine view of the road from the north, this place was used as a look-out during the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War. And, ever since, it has been called the 'Sentry Box'."

Off and on during her visit, Aunt Sarah had been telling Jane about the battle which took place in Fredericksburg on December 13, 1862, during the Civil War. And, on the day before Jane went home, they went to see the places made famous by this battle.

First they drove down to the corner of Charles and William streets. Jane looked about for something of interest, but saw at first only four stores on the four corners, for she did not at once notice the queerly-shaped stone block standing far out on the curb. But Aunt Sarah pointed it out.

"Jane," she said, "that's an old slave block. For years and years slaves were sold from that block, by an auctioneer, to the highest bidder. It was to do away with that dreadful custom that the northern states fought against the southern states. Now we will drive over to *Marye's Heights* and see where the battle of Fredericksburg was fought."

Jane stared for a moment at the beautiful house on the top of the hill known as *Marye's Heights*.

"That place is called 'Brompton,'" Aunt Sarah explained, nodding toward the beautiful old brick house with its four tall white pillars. "General Lee used it as his headquarters during the war. His troops were on the heights and the northern troops came across the river and marched up toward the hill. The fighting took place along this road at the foot of the hill, which is called 'the

Sunken Road.' See this wall! That was part of the old stone entrenchments."

Jane was sorry when the next day came, and she had to take the train back to Washington where she would meet her father and go home with him.

"Oh, I've had such a wonderful time, Aunt Sarah!" the girl cried as she kissed her aunt good-bye on the station platform. "I do hope you'll let me come again."

"Indeed, you must come again," Aunt Sarah replied, patting her favorite niece on the shoulder. "There are ever so many more interesting things in our little town, that I want you to see. You must come again very soon."

A moment later, the train puffed slowly out of the station, and Jane waved her hand once more to her aunt who was still standing on the station platform.

The Black Walnut

By Ruby Holmes Martyn

MYLES found it difficult to express himself. But he didn't intend that Russell Knapp should carry that black walnut to Boyd Chilson's camp on Bald Pate Hill, where the boys had been invited for a Washington's Birthday treat. The black walnut belonged to Mr. Knapp, Russell's father, and the lad had taken it without permission. He was boasting of his shrewdness as he showed the shaggy-shelled nut to the other boys. He meant to exhibit it as a prop of the Washington story he had been asked to tell after dinner. But Myles objected.

"Pretty cheap idea, I call that!" he said, speaking bluntly.

The boys all turned toward him, demanding an instant explanation.

"This is a special Washington's Birthday treat," he stammered. "I am sure General Washington wouldn't have thought it manly to take something that didn't belong to him to show off with, and I don't think we ought to."

"The mischief!" flared Tom. "We're out for a good time!"

Myles tried to make himself clear. His visit to Mt. Vernon and Valley Forge and Independence Hall in Philadelphia had made him realize things he thought he ought to make the boys understand.

"When a fellow goes around those places he begins to feel that General George Washington really lived and did things! He isn't just a name in history any longer! All around Mt. Vernon are things he used and places he walked; and at Valley Forge I couldn't help seeing how brave he must have been to lead the Continental troops through that terrible

winter; and at Independence Hall he was brave and fine in many other ways. I think we ought to honor him by keeping his Birthday the very best we know how!"

Russell was turning the precious black walnut over and over in his bare hand. Myles knew that his words had made the boys more thoughtful.

"Father never looks at the walnut. He won't know I've got it for a little while," protested Russell.

"It's dishonorable," insisted Myles. "I think Boyd Chilson meant for us to honor General Washington the very best we could when he asked us to his camp for a special treat!"

"I guess you're right," admitted Russell.

"Then you'll leave the black walnut at home?"

"Oh, sure!" agreed Russell carelessly.

When they reached the Knapp home the boys remained at the gate while Russell ran in to leave the walnut. After he rejoined them they left the village and trudged along the country road to the cart path that led up to Boyd Chilson's camp near the top of Bald Pate Hill. Going there always was a treat to the village boys, and they hastened now, eager for whatever surprise Mr. Chilson had in store for their enjoyment. He had said there would be a special surprise today.

It was a biting cold day. Puddles had frozen solid in the cart-path wheel ruts and patches of snow remained in the woods. The clear sunshine didn't seem to warm things up a bit today. Myles was following the others up the cart path when he caught sight of the black walnut again. It was lying on the frozen ground. He almost stepped on it. So Russell hadn't left it at home as he had pretended to do! Myles was disgusted.

Angry protest rose to his lips. But he did not speak. Without saying a word he picked the nut up and put it in a safe pocket.

He knew that this black walnut had come from one of the trees growing near Washington's tomb at Mt. Vernon. An attendant there had given the nut to Russell's father when he visited the place last year. Myles knew it was a treasured keepsake, and must not be lost. But he wasn't going to tell Russell now that he had found it. He would wait and see what happened when its loss was discovered.

It took the boys an hour to reach the camp. Mr. Chilson was waiting for them with a crowbar and pick and shovel.

"We'll work and celebrate before we eat, boys," he explained. "And I want to crack up the ground so we can plant a tree."

Plant a tree this cold wintry day! The boys were amazed. Why, the ground was frozen stiff!

"We can crack a hole," laughed Boyd Chilson, seeing their surprise. "We're going to have a guest and a special present."

They chose the spot for the tree.

"It's a black walnut," explained Mr. Chilson.

"Then we're going to plant the nut!" guessed Myles.

That reminded Russell to feel for his father's nut. Not finding it, his lips went white and he began to feel frantically in his other pockets.

"I must go right home!" Russell cried. "No need of that," said Myles shortly.

But Russell had started down the path, searching for the nut as he ran. So intent was he upon the ground that he did not see his father coming up the path.

"What's the matter, son?" asked Mr. Knapp. Boyd Chilson and the other boys were near enough to hear his question.

"I — I've got to go right home," muttered Russell.

"Wait a split second," said Mr. Knapp. "I've got to disappoint you and the boys, Chilson," he added. "My black walnut has disappeared."

"I certainly am disappointed," returned Boyd Chilson, simply.

"I must go right home," repeated Russell.

Myles looked down at the little hole they had made in the frozen ground. It was easy to guess that Mr. Knapp had meant to plant his precious walnut there. The frost would crack the shell so the kernel could sprout and grow in the coming spring time. Myles could feel the nut in his pocket. Yet how could he explain its being there if Russell did not speak first about having taken it?

Little Talks on Health

By DR. EDWARD ORMEROD

3. Play and be Healthy!

PRACTICALLY all men's organizations interesting themselves in what they call "Boy's work" have a single basic idea in common. Churches, Boys' clubs, Boy Scouts, The Y. M. C. A., Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, and the others — all work on the idea of giving boys something interesting to do. The idea is not so much to teach something — though that does come about incidentally — as it is to save one from the uselessness, or worse, of mere idleness. It is a sorry boy who has "nothing to do!"

From the standpoint of health, this is a most praiseworthy idea — health is not just the mere chance affair it might seem, but rather the happy, even if unconscious, result of certain wholesome and desirable conditions and habits of life.

Activity, of mind and body, is one of the prime requisites of health. Rust and stagnation are of the nature of trouble and unhappiness — interest and activity are the stuff of which life is made.

When men began to turn to gymnasium classes to save themselves from the unhappy results following upon long days spent in stuffy offices at confining work, it did not take them long to discover that mere exercise of muscles alone is not enough. Such exercise helped, but when it was found that the spirit of play added to the exercise was the thing that brought the happy results they sought, they began to form business-men's classes and to really enjoy themselves while they

secured the recreation their condition demanded.

If a boy wants to see something downright amusing, he should peep in at one of these classes and see some of the old fellows at play. He may not find the sort of basketball play or gymnastic ability that will appeal to him, but he will see in ten minutes more of the spirit of play in action than I can describe in many columns of print.

The old fellows are on the right track — even if they do look funny in their too-fat-ness or in their belated demands on creaky joints of arms or legs. Play will save them if anything can.

It's a great thing to make a team that climbs into the winning class. It is better to be a winner than a loser — even in playing games. But there is even a greater thing.

To play the game — for the game's sake! We are a little unfortunate in America in that we have allowed ourselves to develop something of a spirit of "Win fairly — but Win!" For, after all, a winner must be beaten some day. Some fellow who plays a faster, or harder, or brainier game is sure to turn up, and we must fall into the "has-been" class.

But if we play the game for the game's sake, we shall never know the bitterness of spirit that must be the experience of the mere "pot-hunter" when he is outclassed at the end of his tether. Instead we shall still find zest and sport in doing our part in the game, whether we win or not. Let us keep the winning spirit, of course — but let us blend into it fifty-fifty, at least, the idea of play, for play's sake. Let us play and be healthy!

"I'm going home with Russell," he said.

The others were looking at them, and Russell Knapp began to stammer.

"I — I lost the black walnut somewhere between home and here. I — I took it from the box."

"I found it on the path," cried Myles eagerly. "The walnut's all safe!"

Russell took the nut from Myles and placed it in his father's hand. Myles could see that he was ashamed and sorry. Boyd Chilson was calling them.

"I asked you all here today that we might honor General Washington," he said quietly. "When I asked Mr. Knapp to be with us he offered to plant this black walnut from the Mt. Vernon tree. I thought that would remind us that George Washington isn't just a name in history books, but that he was a man whom we should honor by doing our best to carry on the truth and the justice and the courage with which he started our beloved country on its way in the world."

"We will! We will!" cried the boys all together.

"We will! We will!" cried Russell, so shamed and sorry and glad that he meant it most of all.

Vibgyor

By ELEANOR HAMMOND

VIBGYOR is a funny word,
Quite the strangest I have heard!
What's the meaning? Read each letter
Then perhaps you will know better!

Violet stands first in line,
Indigo, then, dark and fine,
Blue next, colored like the sky,
Green, like grasses growing high;
Yellow then, all golden bright,
Orange, glowing lovely sight,
Red to finish, as is right!

Watch the clouds some day of rain —
You will meet us there again
In the sunny showery sky —
You can guess us, if you try!

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Dear B. C. Girls:

Will some of you who are about ten years old please note the first letter in our column today. Shall we make Georgia feel that she is "one of us," even though her church is over two hundred miles away from her home? I am sure she will have something interesting to tell you about her life among the hills.

THE EDITOR.

HERRICK, SO. DAKOTA.

Dear Editor: I live on a ranch and it is three miles from school, — a hilly and rough road. I often have to miss on account of storms and bad roads. We also have a few Sioux Indians for our neighbors.

I am a member of the Unitarian church at Sioux City, a distance of over two hundred miles.

I desire to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and was born here.

I should like to have another girl of my age correspond with me.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGIA WILMA WILLIAMS.

TEMPLETON, MASS.

Dear Beacon Club Editor: I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

My teacher, Miss Helen Parkhurst, is spending the winter in Brookline, Mass. Mrs. Brooks is taking the class during her absence. There are four girls in my class. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. I should like to become a member of the Club and wear the button.

I belong to the Y. P. R. U. I should like to have some one of my age correspond with me.

Yours very truly,

NATALIE SIMONEAU.

138 STATE ST.,
PRESQUE ISLE, ME.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club. I am eight years old and I should be pleased if you would send me a pin. My minister is Rev. Paul L. Muder and my teacher is Mrs. Howe. I belong to the Lone Scouts. We have seven members.

Yours truly,

PRESTON McMANN.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

EASTONDALE, MASS.

Dear Editor: I regret to say that I have lost my Beacon Club pin and am writing to ask you for another one. I have made friends with a great many through *The Beacon*, some being way out West. I hope to see them all some day in the future. I have had the opportunity which I might not have had if I had not written to *The Beacon* — to see one of my *Beacon* pals. Every Beacon Club member is a pal to me. I am always ready to help when I can.

I am enclosing a short poem which I wrote to guide me through life. Let it help any others who wish to use it.

FRIENDS

Don't be a friend for a year,
Don't be a friend for a day,
But stop and think, my dear,
Be a friend forever and aye.

Sincerely yours,
FLORENCE WALKER.

Winter

BY SHIRLEY FAIRBURN (AGE 9)

The summer has gone and winter draws near;
The birds have flown and the cold is here.
Now up from snowy vales a strain of music swells
And echoing still from hill to hill the merry sleigh bells ring.

LOWELL, MASS.

Winter's Hiding Place

BY ANNIE LOUISE JOSE (AGE 8)

Little leaves all in a heap,
Under the snow so deep, so deep,
Tell me when you go to sleep;
Then with brownies and with elves
I'll play while you hide yourselves,
"Thank you, oh, thank you!"

They said together,
And that's why leaves like snowy weather.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Other new members of our Club are, Christean Moore and Margaret Barrow, Bloomington, Ill.; Ruth Kendricks, Leaksburg, N. C.; Mae Anderson, Pembroke, Va.; Marion Ellis, Cummaquid, Mass.; Margaret A. Bennett, Ocean Bluff, Mass.; Barbara Lindquist, Worcester, Mass.

Puzzlers

Enigma

I am composed of 18 letters and am a quotation from the book of James.

My 11, 10, 16, 18 is nourishment for the body.

My 8, 7, 5 is a color.

My 6, 5, 10, 17 is a scent.

My 12, 13, 2, 4 is a pronoun.

My 9, 14, 15 is to take stitches.

My 1, 6, 3 is a son.

J. W. M.

Transposition

Five words of five letters each are needed to complete the following sentence. Each word contains the same letters.

The lad cannot * * * * time to * * * * his lesson, but he * * * * * * * * from his neighbor's tree with a * * * * -shaped instrument.

—*The Outlook.*

Anagram Verse

Noe thare ricenscle lal hatt eliv,
Dan slebess arteg adn alsml;
Nad etem ti si hatt chea oldhus vige.
Ish tilelt ot het la.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Twisted Names of Animals

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Ogd. | 6. Semou. |
| 2. Weo. | 7. Tar. |
| 3. Tae. | 8. Lobuffa. |
| 4. Eeshp. | 9. Earb. |
| 5. Oonerae. | 10. Ruslaw. |

JOHN CARL SYBENGA.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 19

Enigma.—The Children's Hour.

Twisted Names of Countries.—1. Switzerland. 2. Germany. 3. Russia. 4. China. 5. Siberia. 6. Hungary. 7. Sweden. 8. Ireland. 9. France. 10. Holland.

Will's Valentines.—Fourteen.

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